The Liberalist

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The sun lies light on a jade-green hill,
There's a burst of song from a loosened rill
The wind warms the breast of the new-turned sod,
And the note of a bird links earth with God!

Anne Elizabeth Maddick

(From Thomas Curtis Clark's "1000 Quotable Poems")

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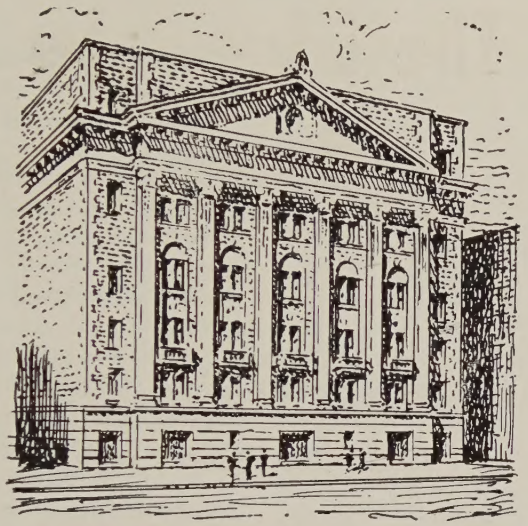

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

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ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

GLANCING back through the pages of my daily journal, I find so many comments on the experiences we had on our recent Caribbean trip that selection becomes difficult, but I must tell you about two or three. The first was our visit to Haiti. Haiti is the island of black magic, voodoo, throbbing drums and primitive art. The people have a deep feeling for independence and retain a festival spirit of fun. The teeming life of Port au Prince never slows down. Daytimes the streets are filled with native men and women with bulging baskets and bundles balanced precariously on their heads, burros and carts and red and orange busses. These busses run all over the island, which has very few good roads. The busses have hard seats and are painted on the outside in vivid colors, and all have individual names, like our Pullman cars. The native iron market is a beehive of activity. The waterfront echoes with the whistles and horns of large and small boats. Evenings the resort hotels, the Casino and "boites" pulse with the rhythms of the bolero, meringue, cha-cha-cha. As one goes up into the mountains, the scene changes, the pace slows down and the atmosphere relaxes, as you pass through Petionville, which is a vacation resort for foreigners and elite Haitians; and still higher, through Kenscoff, you reach La Decouvert, 5500 feet above sea level. The view from here is impressive and overpowering. It is one of the most beautiful vistas in all the island.

Back into Port au Prince you visit the pink and white cathedral, and the interesting mahogany factories, of which there are several.

However, our main purpose in visiting Haiti was not to see the scenery or the beaches. I am tremendously more interested in people than I am in scenery, although I love both. For some time I have known of the work of Dr. William Larimer Mellon, Jr. in the Albert Schweitzer Memorial Hospital, which he built right in the heart of the voodoo country in Haiti. The hospital is located 80 miles from Port au Prince and is accessible only by motor or walking over unusually poor roads and paths.

Dr. Herbert M. Phillips, President of the Albert Schweitzer Education Foundation, with headquarters at 55 E. Washington St., Chicago, is probably as well informed on the work of Dr. Schweitzer as anyone I know. He has just written the book *Safari of Discovery*, which is about Dr. Schweitzer and his philosophy. I have lectured on this book several times and recommend it highly to anyone who is interested in getting a clear idea of the philosophy of Dr. Schweitzer. Dr. Phillips is a friend of Dr. Mellon and sent on a letter introducing us to Dr. Mellon and also to Dr. Emeric Percy.

On arrival in the harbor at Port au Prince, a message was brought aboard saying that Dr. Percy would meet us on the pier. As we landed from the tender Dr. Percy came out of the group and welcomed us. As we had only two days in Haiti we felt there was no time to be lost, and inasmuch as we were not interested in the usual sightseeing or the shops, we made immediate arrangements to leave for the Schweitzer Hospital; and soon Dr. and

Mrs. Percy, June and I were on our way in a small car.

Every mile of the way was interesting. The road goes through the wildest and most primitive part of the island and the sights along the way will never be forgotten. Everyone was walking or riding a burro. No one had any shoes, clothing was scanty, and all of the small children were naked. I have never seen more tragic poverty. Little more could be expected when you realize that the average annual income of a Haitian is $62. We passed through several villages and the second largest city in Haiti, St. Marks.

Arriving at the hospital, the moment we entered the walks leading up to the main building it seemed as though we were suddenly in another country: Well kept lawns, modern, air-conditioned buildings, and spotlessly clean. The hospital is one-story and spreads out over considerable territory. It is one of the most perfectly equipped I have ever visited. Nothing necessary for the most delicate surgery or treatment but what is available. The yard was filled with people who were coming into the hospital. The waiting rooms outside the various doctor's offices were jammed with the most pathetic lot of people, men, women, young people and babies, I have ever seen. All of the diseases connected with malnutrition are prevalent. There is much glaucoma, tuberculosis and venereal infection.

Very soon Dr. and Mrs. Mellon came in to greet us and we all went to the dining room for lunch. There I had an opportunity of conferring with a most unusual, interesting and inspiring personality. Dr. Mellon inherited millions of dollars and at 38 decided to make his life count, entered medical school, took his degree and founded, in the name of Albert Schweitzer, this hospital in Haiti. His wife shares with him the responsibility. This man, who could be living in the highest social sphere and, because of his wealth, could buy anything and go anywhere he desired to go, has chosen to devote his life to his work in Haiti. I wish the story of such men could be told to hundreds and hundreds of wealthy people who are flinging away their time and their money about things which do not matter and which do not contribute to the health and the well-being of mankind.

Dr. and Mrs. Mellon are two dedicated people. He went down early in his career to visit Dr. Schweitzer in Lambarene and while there he absorbed some of the spirit of Albert Schweitzer. I haven't space to go into detail about the actual results in the hospital. An operation had just been finished as we arrived, on an old negro. The doctors and nurses were just finishing as we entered the room. As they wheeled this old man by me and I looked at him, in the oblivion of an anesthetic, I thought, on recovery how he will bless this hospital. Racial hatred will disappear in his heart and gratitude will be the enduring substitute. It is men like Dr. Schweitzer, Dr. Mellon, Dr. Percy, Dr. Dailey, Dr. Phillips and a growing list of similarly dedicated men, who will do more to eliminate racial hatred and religious bigotry than all the politicians.

We enjoyed every moment of our day at the hospital. We stopped at Dr. Percy's clinic, fifteen miles away, on our return, and went back aboard the ship for a late snack and a good sleep.

We left the ship early in the morning and went ashore again, where Dr. and Mrs. Percy met us. We spent most of the day with the Percys, having dinner in their lovely home on the outskirts of Port au Prince. Mrs. Percy is the daughter of former President Lescot, of Haiti, a most delightful and highly cul-

tured person, having spent some years in Washington and in Canada. Her brother, a fine type of student, was home from the Sorbonne, in Paris, and we had the privilege of meeting him as well. French is the native language of Haiti, but the natives speak a dialect of their own, which is called Creole. The Percys both speak an excellent French as well as the native dialect.

Dr. Emeric Percy is by birth an Austrian. He was educated in Vienna and went out and spent seven years with Dr. Albert Schweitzer in Lambarene. He, too, has a great ideal for Haiti and is a young man who will grow increasingly in his chosen work. He has already an established reputation as a surgeon in Haiti and has a busy practice in Port au Prince. Their hospitality was most gracious and their kindness will be a lasting memory. We are returning to Haiti next year and I hope to renew the friendships we have there. When I realized the sacrifice and the devotion which these people are giving without any thought of monetary or social reward, I had a certain feeling of self-condemnation.

* * *

I knew before we left Chicago that Dr. Ulysses Grant Dailey, who was Senior Surgeon on the staff of Provident Hospital in Chicago, had retired and was living in Port au Prince. I left without getting his address and was quite concerned about seeing him. However, Dr. Percy had met Dr. Dailey and we made contact with him through the Post Office. There is not one telephone in all Haiti. This will give you an idea of how difficult it is when emergencies arise. We finally arranged to meet Dr. Dailey on the steps of the Post Office at 3:00 o'clock in the afternoon. The joy in seeing my old friend was boundless. He had served with me on the Chicago Commission on Human Relations for years. We had shared many civic activities together. No negro in the City of Chicago was more highly respected for his professional ability, his culture and his character.

Dr. Dailey accompanied us to the tender and as he waved farewell I hoped that we would meet again. He has retired, has bought a little home in Port au Prince and is spending the twilight years in the beauty of the sunshine of the tropics. As the Mauretania sailed away out of the harbor at Port au Prince, and we stood at the ship's rail watching the island disappear in the glow of a western sunset, I thought of its teeming thousands in their poverty, disease and filth, their voodoo religious practices, and yet in many areas giving evidence that they respond to every civilizing influence and that they are a segment of humanity which needs help and encouragement. They have been exploited politically and there is an insipient restlessness going on which we detected while we were there, which may result in a revolution something like the revolution in Cuba. Some Haitians were exiled to Cuba and have been training in revolutionary methods under Castro; and undoubtedly Castro has his eye on Haiti as the gateway to the revolution which he hopes will overthrow the dictator of San Domingo. Only the future knows.

* * *

A visit to the Island of Curacao is always, for me, one of the finest experiences available in the whole Caribbean. It is a Dutch island and the fine qualities of the Dutch people are manifest everywhere. The island is as Dutch as a pair of wooden shoes; while if one did not know differently, one would

think he was in the heart of old Holland, to visit Willemstad. The houses are of Dutch architecture, the streets are spotlessly clean, the people are kindly and well dressed. It is quite a contrast to many of the Caribbean ports. One of the features which always awakens the attention of every visitor is the famous pontoon bridge. This bridge, as its name implies, is built on boats and it swings wide to allow the ships to enter and leave the harbor.

We had a special reason for visiting Willemstad this year. For many years one of my dearest friends and colleagues in the ministry has been Rabbi Jacob Singer, of Temple Mizpah, in Rogers Park. Dr. Singer has spoken often in our pulpit and has shared various activities with me in the life of our city. He is a man of great scholarship and particularly creative in the field of music. He has composed several musical numbers and has lectured on music at Northwestern University. I have often spoken in his Temple and we have many friends in common. The Rabbi of the Reformed Temple in Willemstad has taken a leave of absence for six months, in Holland. The Temple called Dr. Singer to be its Rabbi and spiritual leader for this period. Dr. and Mrs. Singer accepted the invitation, and I envy them their six months' sojourn in Curacao. Just before they left I spoke at a meeting of his Men's Club in the Temple and he told me about the arrangement. On our arrival in Willemstad I made an appointment with one of his leading officers, who immediately called Dr. and Mrs. Singer. They came to the officer's place of business where we met. We went to a lovely hotel for luncheon and had a fine visit about old Chicago days. It was a perfect day. The sky was blue and the sun was not uncomfortable in the shade. The Temple which he is serving is in the heart of the business center of the city and is a magnificent building. I stood in the pulpit and envied him the opportunity of preaching there. Our time was much too short, but it was most enjoyable. They had only been in Willemstad a day or two when we arrived so they were like ourselves, strangers. I shall be very anxious to meet them on their return some months hence. They will have many delightful experiences which their many Chicago friends will desire to hear about.

* * *

The Easter season has long passed but this is the first opportunity I have had to tell our friends of the Liberalist about it. I preached every noon in the Erlanger Theatre Holy Week and the attendance was most encouraging. It is quite an undertaking for just one church to move into the loop Holy Week when more than 1200 churches unite for one service, 400 churches have another service and 600 another. We have just one church to assume a great responsibility. To have the people respond as they do is most encouraging. There certainly is a place for the presentation of the liberal point of view of Christianity during Holy Week. There is no reason why the week should be surrendered entirely to the conservative interpretation. The truths of Holy Week and Easter are spiritual. They are not the property of any one denomination or of any one creed.

The evening services at the church were likewise well attended in spite of inclement weather. The annual memorial service on Thursday night had nearly 1000 people and the Good Friday night service had over 1000 present. There were more than 2400 people in church on Easter Sunday. We received new members at nine o'clock and had the dedication service for chil-

dren. The weather on Easter day in Chicago was not at all desirable. Next year Easter will be later and we hope it will be more springlike and warm. I am very grateful to all who made our Easter season so triumphant and inspiring. Your attendance, your Easter offering and your co-operation made it another milestone along the years of my ministry. It was my 47th Easter in our pulpit and we are already making plans for next Easter.

* * *

I shall preach my closing sermon on Sunday, June 14th, and hope that all of our readers will plan to attend as many Sundays as possible before my closing Sunday. On Sunday, June 14th, we will observe my 47th anniversary. It will be Anniversary Sunday. It is my hope that radio friends and members will set aside this Sunday now. My space is gone—Keep looking up!

"THE UNDEFEATABLE LIFE"

Sermon by Dr. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
EASTER SUNDAY
MARCH 29, 1959

IT'S a tremendous challenge, I think, for any preacher to try to express concretely and adequately what his heart feels to be the whole scope of the significance of the Easter experience. If one could speak every day for a lifetime, I think one would still find that he had not exhausted all the implications of what Easter really means to the world!

The word Easter itself is not of Christian origin. We identify the word Easter as being exclusively something which is a part of the Christian tradition. Easter is much older than Christianity. The word Easter itself is from the ancient speech which means Spring. Eastre was the Goddess of the Spring, and from the word Eastre we have the word Easter which, like so many pre-Christian truths, has been adopted by Christianity until it has become a part of the Christian message. The spirit of Easter, as it is manifested throughout Christendom, has a complete analogy in almost every other religion known to man. Wherever man has tried, throughout the long evolutionary process, to find an answer to the enigma of himself related to a universe he does not understand and cannot fathom, he has always created some form or technique of worship which could be the medium toward which he could gravitate and find inspiration for his problems and his difficulties. That is true of every religion known to the history of man! It is as natural for man to turn toward, and seek for, a power outside himself as it is for a man to breathe or nurture his body with food! The great universal passion of the heart of man has always been to find harmonic relationships with that power! That is still the quintessence of any religion worthy the name!

By all appearances, evil and evil men were successful in their desire to eliminate, largely for political power and for racial prestige, this gallant young Jew of thirty-three called Jesus of Nazareth; and they used every known power which the Roman Empire could create, even to the extent of

(*Continued on page* 11)

Following is the list of Exhibitors in the First Annual Art Exhibit for Uptown Chicago Sponsored by The Professional and Business Woman's Club of The Peoples Church, Sunday, April 12, 1959

PROFESSIONALS

Mrs. Mae B. Alshuler, 717 N. Sheridan Rd., Waukegan, Ill.—3 Oils, 1 Watercolor

Mrs. Peggy Palmer Burrows, 5820 Sheridan Rd., Chicago—3 Watercolors

Mr. Raymond Eyerley, Salem, Oregon—2 Pen and Ink

Mr. Rudy Ohrning, 3318 Wilder St., Skokie, Ill.—3 Watercolors

Maxine Bennett Parry, San Francisco, Calif.—2 Oils

Mrs. Flora Raymond, 6816 N. Ridge Ave., Chicago—4 Oils

Marcia Raymond, 6816 N. Ridge Ave., Chicago—3 Oil Portraits

Mrs. Emma Sangernebo, 1916 Lincoln Park West, Chicago—2 Oils, 3 Sculptures

AMATEURS

Jeannie Block, 2642 Birchwood Ave., Chicago—3 Oil Portraits

Mrs. Mary Lou Hermsdorf, 1334 Asbury Ave., Evanston, Ill.—2 Pastels, 2 Charcoal sketches

Miss Mary Klein, 412 McHenry Road, Lakeland Pk., McHenry, Ill.—1 Oil

Mrs. Rogene M. Kraft, 1426 Hinman Ave., Evanston, Ill.—4 Watercolors

Mr. Gustaf E. Kruskopf, 5130 N. Bernard Ave., Chicago—3 Oils

Mrs. Alverna Nedeau, 4645 Kenmore Ave., Chicago—3 Watercolors

Mrs. Elizabeth Porter, 5240 Sheridan Road, Chicago—1 Pastel, 1 Watercolor, 1 India Ink with Watercolor wash

Miss Ethel Wells Smalley, 1430 Argyle St., Chicago—4 Oils

Mrs. Sigrid Sutton, 1819 W. Lawrence Ave., Chicago—2 Oils, 1 Pastel

Mr. George A. Uetsch, 5465 W. Thomas St., Chicago—1 Pencil Sketch

Miss Gerda Wohl, 858 W. Leland Ave., Chicago—1 Oil, 2 Watercolors

JUNIOR AMATEUR

Miss Donna Graf (15 yrs.), 203 N. Kostner Ave., Chicago—3 Oils, 1 Sculpture

The Scout Troops of the Church Exhibited Handicraft

Miss Joanne M. Plett, Scout Leader of Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, of 911 Carmen Ave., Chicago, exhibited Handicraft

Miss Judy Bosco, 17 yrs., of Sr. Scout Troop No. 97 exhibited 3 Watercolors

The Liberalist

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EDITORIAL

MY grandfather and grandmother lived on a farm, not far from where we lived in the village. It was one of the events of my life to drive up the country road and down the lane with grandfather to the farmhouse. And there was one picture that hung on the walls of my grandmother's parlor that I can still see today—very highly colored from the point of view of art technique, but that picture fascinated me as a boy. It was a pastoral scene, with a little stream winding around a wooded bank, and an old flat-bottomed rowboat was shoved up on the shore, and an old man sat at the oars—oars that were resting, with the blades up on the seat of the boat. He had on an old hat which fell unconcerned over his forehead. His face was bearded, a straggly old beard. He had on an old red flannel shirt and an old pair of pants, and just sat there with his arms folded. Do you know what that picture was called? "Old and Alone!"

That picture has haunted me often through the years, and I think one of the supreme tragedies which can befall an individual is to be old and alone! When I think of the hundreds and hundreds of old people! I meet them in their little rooms, living on their pittances of old-age pensions and social securities. I see them in institutions and convalescent homes, nursing and rest homes — forgotten people, old people!

One of the most compensatory reactions of my ministry, which is becoming increasingly important, is the unutterable, inexpressible inner peace which comes to my own heart when I have tried to bring a little bit of happiness and love to a lonely old person—someone who is forgotten. You would be amazed how many there are; because of children who feel their parents are in the way, and those parents make some plans for alienation from the familiarities of the house of love.

And one of the greatest joys that I have in my work is the joy of bringing into the consciousness of a lonely person the thought that they needn't walk alone with life, whether young or old. For the young can get lonely too, and homesick and heartbroken. There is so much loneliness in the world, with its confusion and mob hysteria, its multitudes. But you need never walk alone, if you walk with God and feel and know the infinity of His companionship as you walk the highway of the years together.

(*continued from page* 8)

creating fear that this young Man might ultimately usurp the throne of Caesar, leading Herod (who was Caesar's representative in that part of the world) to believe that if he could kill Him as a baby and not let Him grow up into manhood they would remove the great danger to their own power. Finally came that moment of affirmation that "you can't kill truth" and "you can't kill love" and that evil designs sooner or later have automatically the power of destroying themselves, that in all evil is the germ of its own self-destruction and that, ultimately, this is a universe undergirded with such moral integrity, so basic and fundamental in the universe, that any deviation from that basic integrity ultimately means death, stagnation and failure! No one yet was ever wise enough to be wrong and get away with it! No one yet was ever powerful enough to be wrong and yet not lose their power! You and I are in a world where though "the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small," and one of the finest and most beautiful truths connected with this whole Easter festival is in its affirming to the world again that "you can't kill loveliness, truth and beauty"; that there is an indestructible and undefeatable aspect of life, and anyone who toys with the interference of this law or who thinks that he can prevent its operation is not only dangerous to himself, but is self-destructive.

My concern is never one of trying to establish the physical reality of physical resurrections! That, to me, is the least important of the whole episode, putting it on the basis of the physical, materialistic manifestation of Easter. Easter never would have lived if it was based upon an earth-bound consciousness! The new cosmology which is sweeping the world (a cosmology which is increasing the dimensions of man's concept of his universe in every twenty-four hours of time) is compelling all literalism to disappear! When we think of physical resurrections and the elevation of physical bodies, the new cosmology says "Where?" Now it is no little world! We are not the center of the cosmos! There was an era when they believed that the earth was flat—they believed that at the time of the Master! There was a time when every sea was an unknown sea! That was an era when there was a limited cosmological understanding of the cosmos. That has all disappeared, and it has become necessary for every thinking, intelligent person—not the illiterate, not the one who bases his whole concept upon the obscurities and obscurantisms of medieval theology—but those who are concerned with what is happening in our modern world to realize that we are in the biggest universe man has ever known!

Man's concept of this universe now reaches out beyond the farthest sun and the millions of suns that are beyond the sun! And a little world now operating under physical, materialistic law is disappearing in front of us! The bigger man's cosmos becomes, the larger becomes his concept of God! Man does not have a little God—he has a bigger one, and it is not a God who is limited by the physical aspects of a materialistic world! And when man's increased awareness of the extent of his own universe reaches out for the satisfactions of the longings and the heartaches of his soul, then he gravitates toward the ultimate good and the supreme beauty and the enduring truth! And the persistency of Christ was not in any physical manifestation of the violation of natural

law, but something, something lived through that, too! That is the very essence of the Easter truth: something was eternal that death could not destroy! And it is that quality of the Christ consciousness (which is available to the heart of man) that constitutes the ultimate of his salvation. Something lived! And we get the echoes of that something in the words of Paul, when he says: "There is a corruptible body and there is an incorruptible body; there is a mortal body and there is an immortal body, and when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption and this mortality shall have put on immortality, then shall come to pass the saying of the prophets. 'Death is swallowed up in victory!'" That's the heart of the Easter message! Not literalisms; not the mechanics and machineries and the dogmas of theologians and religions! It's the simple awareness that there is an undying and eternal principle in the human consciousness which is always reaching out for the God principle of eternal truth, which nothing can kill! I think that that is the only explanation that is given that is at all satisfactory to the persistency of Christ in the consciousness of men! He could not have had the colossal effect upon civilization had He been the special property of a race or a creed! Had someone owned Him and captured Him and put Him within the confines of some limited dogma of religion, He could not have lived! It was the freedom of His soul which constituted His immortality! He was a free spirit beyond race, beyond creed, beyond ceremony, beyond conventional thinking, beyond all of the accouterments that are so frequently associated with the Christian tradition; this Man, who persists through the ages, who cannot be ignored!

Now, whatever you think of Jesus this morning (if you're an atheist listening to me on the air or an atheist seated in our sanctuary, and you hate Him; if you are the most devout fundamentalist listening to me this morning, and you love Him, to the exclusion of applying rationality to the historicity of this experience); whatever may be your personal attitude, the fact of the matter is that here stands upon the shorelines of history a personality that will not admit of your ignoring Him! You must do something about Him! You can't ignore Him! You must either hate Him and repudiate Him and have nothing to do with Him, His religion or His Church, or you can give Him your loyalty and your devotion! The one thing you can't do is to ignore Him! He has plowed His personality into human history on the side of justice and honor and peace and love and goodness and truth and beauty, and no device of materialism or atheistic philosophy has ever yet even dented the armor of His greatness! That is the Christ who lives today! That is the spirit that touches the hearts of all dreamers and idealists and poets! That is the ultimate penetration that comes in the nobility of great courage where issues are involved of right or wrong in statesmanship, in business, in commerce, anywhere along the line! That is the Spirit of Christ which says we must do the right and the right only, for anything else means dented the armor of His greatness! the glory of Easter and the joy of Easter, to me, is that that consciousness lives. He lives; that spirit is immortal! This Christ is not dead—He lives! And as long as human hearts have heartaches, and as long as hot tears flow, man will turn toward that spirit that is altogether lovely and He will live! That is Easter to me! I re-

spect all your dogmas and all your creeds, but they are all inadequate—they're not enough! We must have more of that spirit—nothing can defeat that! Nothing!

It's like the boy from this church who was telling me of a tragedy in Korea. Alongside of him one with whom he had shared the tragedy of war was blown to a million pieces, and this friend saw that youth and friend a mass of blood and bone! And when the report went in about the casualty this friend of his stood up and said to the officer, "It will take more than that to stop him!" It will take more than all the crime and blackness and darkness and power and hate that this world can gender to stop Him, the Prince of Loveliness and of Peace!

BOOK CHATS

HUMAN Nature and Christian Marriage fulfilling faith in love, by William P. Wylie, published by Association Press, is a book for young people, for parents and for pastors and for all those who would counsel with young people. William Wylie is a priest of The Church of England, Vicar of St. Michael's in Cropthorne. Mr. Wylie was White Cross Lecturer to the forces, and a Supernumerary Lecturer on behalf of the Church of England Moral Welfare Council from 1954-58.

Third generation clergyman, Rev. Wylie received his B.A. and M.A. from Cambridge University. Having traveled extensively to Africa, the United States and Canada in his youth on tramp steamers and tankers, the sea and ships still remain his favorite hobby.

He is author of *The Pattern of Love* and *A Strange New Religion.* A member of the Authors Club in London, he also writes for many English magazines and newspapers.

There are only seven chapters in this book: Human Nature—Sex, Love and God — Christian Marriage — The Approach to Marriage—The Heart of Marriage—The Aftermath—Finale.

Mr. Wylie explains what it means to come of age in marriage, to reach true maturity; and discusses fully church attitudes toward divorce and the indissolubility of marriage.

He deals very frankly with all sides of the question, and feels that frankness is more desirable than mistakes caused by lack of it. This is a helpful and a good book if one is not afraid of frankness.

* * *

My Valley in the Sky, by Judy Van der Veer, Julian Messner, Inc. I started reading here and there in Judy's very delightful fresh-smelling book. Soon I found myself "smiling inside" in sympathy with the piquant tale-telling Judy.

Never have I read such pleasant, altogether happy chapters, about very simple things and happenings. Or are they simple? No, they are about life. And life can be very complicated much of the time, whether on a ranch in Sky Valley or in a big crowded city.

Life in My Valley in the Sky was always being complicated, but the complications were so interesting. We just live right down (or up) there on the

ranch with all the horses, cows, bulls, kittens, dogs, the pig, the goat (imagine Judy being sorry there were not two pigs and two goats). You see Judy loves animals and the big, open spaces. I said her book was "fresh-smelling," and so it is. When Judy describes the first rain, after six months of dry weather, one can smell the fresh, damp earth with her.

If you were to pick the book up and open it at random, you would be all in a dither, as you read of some of the doings of Sadie, or Don Ramon or Wowser or Tinker Bell. You would be completely "bumfoozled," because Sadie is a cow, Don Ramon a horse, Wowser is a very lovely young girl, and Tinker Bell a shepherd dog. You wouldn't know this, if you just opened the book at random, so you would be quite at a loss.

I said one lives on the ranch by reading this book. One does. One meets neighbors in the most unexpected way, right in the middle of some complicated situation, such as, when Don Ramon had been loaned to a family who, when they moved away, just loaned him to someone else, who was about to move somewhere else, and when Judy tried to find Don Ramon it was a complicated matter indeed. And the Browns had come to love Don Ramon and considered him their private property by now. Then they heard he had been getting board from someone who wanted $20 for a feed bill. That helped Judy in one way but gave her problems in another.

Judy's short sentences and her manner of getting a whole paragraph of meaning into just a few words makes the book at once childlike and yet skillful. If you think you would like to read about animals and the life of a young woman on a ranch, who as near as I can find out from Judy's short sentences lives with her father who is up in his eighties but still likes to build pretty houses, just go and buy this book. If you are short of "mad" money right now, get it at the library. I can't think of anything more entertaining and refreshing for summer reading.

Judy's ranch is near Ramona, California. Judy says "I now live in a perfect place and plan never to move again. My niece lives with me in a big old house along with many cats and dogs, including three poodles. We have a good ranch, about a thousand acres of grass. My life consists of taking care of horses and cows, repairing fences, writing and having good times with my friends. I write in the morning between morning chores at the barn and time to eat lunch, after which I ride one of my horses unless I have to repair a fence. I write in a big, old-fashioned bedroom, my typewriter in front of the north window, so that I can stare out at the valley and the mountains, and if a car comes up our hill I can see it and hide if I wish."

None of the chapters have a title, merely numbers. In chapter twelve, Judy's brother, who lives in the city, decided they needed a television to enliven things on their mountain. A very pleasant man came with an antenna, rods, wires, etc., and he and the brother went up on the roof:

"From within the house we could hear them pounding and tramping back and forth, loud discussion, laughter and plaintive remarks from my brother about how he couldn't stand holding up the antenna for the rest of the day. At last, just before dark, they descended and the man prepared to go back to his store. He was still laughing as he bade us good-by and he made me feel very optimistic about everything, though Wowser wondered if he weren't

laughing because the joke was on us, for becóming television owners.

"Now," I said, "let's look at the movies."

"My brother twiddled with a dial and there was a loud sound, and, sure enough, there came horses galloping across the screen. Immediately all of the dogs responded. Tinker Bell, with shepherd dog ancestry and strong guard instincts, who polices every animal on the place, began to bark because she felt that horses didn't belong in the house.

"We finally got all of the dogs quieted, but not quieted down; the davenport and most of the chairs were still upright, covered with intently watching dogs, some, like the poodles, very big dogs. 'I can't see a thing,' Theo complained, craning her neck this way and that around them. 'It's the poodles who take up so much room,' I said, the poodles not being my dogs, at which accusation Wowser began counting the number of my personally owned dogs who were present.

"Then my father complained that he could not find a place to sit and we all tried to make room for him by shoving dogs onto the floor. The dogs were unhappy about this; they had been unhappy enough when their favorite chairs had been removed to make room for the television. Persistently they climbed back up, pushing, shoving and nosing at us until the struggle ended in the davenport being crowded with layers of both dogs and people. I felt an uncomfortable squirming beneath me and rescued one of the miniature pinschers from smothering, while Wowser complained in a strangled voice that her mouth was full of poodle wool.

It was then that Willie Catsidy discovered television and became the most ardent fan of any of us. He walked right up to the screen and began patting the horses. When the hero's scarf rippled in the wind, Willie Catsidy patted that, too. He seemed overjoyed when the characters started throwing things at each other. When someone hurled a frying pan at the villain, Willie Catsidy looked past the screen to see where it went. And he looked all around for horses which had galloped out of the picture. When the shooting started, Willie was pleased, and, when the hero punched the villain, Willie nodded his thorough approval. But later, when things quieted down, Willie was bored, and when the handsome cowboy sang to the beautiful young lady who smirked and rolled her eyes, Willie turned his back and washed his face.

"In the meantime, the black Trolley kitten was observing television. She observed it from all angles. Finally, deciding that the best way was upside down, she climbed up on the top of the cabinet, leaned over and became absorbed in an animated cartoon.

"Then the other striped kitten, Baxter, Willie Catsidy's twin brother, displayed his approval. He was, as you might say, more sophisticated than the others; he climbed up on the arm of the davenport and sat quietly alert, his eyes ever growing. After a while he leaped down, walked up to the screen and put a loving paw on the dial. Immediately we saw a different picture.

" 'This is too much!'—from Theo. 'It's bad enough to try to see around and through the animals, but when they start changing the program—!' And she went away to read a book . . .

"Trolley, who prefers animated cartoons upside down, is perhaps the least condescending of the cats. When another picture comes on, she turns around in her place atop the cabinet

and lets a long black tail hang down across the screen annoying some spectators.

"Finally even I gave up and went to bed, though Wowser stuck it out. She said that the animals all eventually collapsed and went to sleep, too, including Trolley, who persisted in leaving her tail hang down no matter how often Wowser rearranged it.

"Of course, there is the possibility that the animals will agree to share television with the rest of us, after the novelty wears off, but then, by that time we may have already gone back to reading books."

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

CERTAINLY it is true that the more difficult the undertaking, the greater the enjoyment of its success. This was definitely demonstrated to me on Sunday, April 12th.

Last summer, when I joined a painting class at the Ox Box Summer School of Painting, near Saugatuck, Michigan, and made my first attempt to discover the mysteries of oil painting, if anyone at that time had even intimated that some day (and in that very year) I would attempt to put on an Art Exhibit in the Peoples Church for the benefit of Uptown Chicago, I would most certainly have said, "You are crazy! I wouldn't even think of such a thing. Why should I, who do not even know the rudiments of art, do such a thing? Why should we have it, to begin with?" That shows you how far from my thought was even such a possibility.

Believe it or not, however, within a couple of months, out of a clear blue sky, the idea popped into my head, as I was planning programs with the committee of my club, "Why not try an Art Exhibit? We have never done it. It would be something quite different from our usual programs and might prove interesting." Our President, Winifred Jacobsen, agreed that it sounded like a good idea. So we planned it for the month of April, and put it in the year book.

I began to tell people that we were to have an Art Exhibit in April. When people looked interested and approved the idea I began to have butterflies in the pit of my stomach, as I had not a plan in my head as to how to develop the idea.

Later on I started to take lessons of Flora Raymond who had started a class at the North Community Church. I mentioned the Art Exhibit to her and soon she said: "Ethel, I should like to exhibit in your Art Show." That really gave me my first thrill about the whole affair.

Our church bazaar came along in November and a member of the church donated a painting—a beautiful oil landscape—and in conversation one Sunday said we ought to have an exhibit some time. I said, "Oh, we are going to, in April!" That was two professionals I practically had signed up for my exhibit. Then it seemed a good idea, since I knew a few students of

painting by now, to have an exhibit of both professionals and amateurs. How to do this? Well, I could place the professionals' exhibits on our stage in Anderson Hall, and the amateurs' work along the wall of the room itself.

I remembered friends whose father had painted since he was a young man. I remembered hearing of another member of the church who did both painting and sculpture. And thus the exhibit grew and grew.

When the day arrived we had eight professionals, with 27 exhibits. We had twelve amateurs, with 36 exhibits. We invited also the Scouts of our church to exhibit their handicraft.

From an idea that seemed way beyond me this seed had grown and sprouted and bloomed into a very beautiful exhibit that we had every right to be very proud of.

Our organist, Mrs. Cathryn Bennett brought downstairs from the sanctuary several beautiful bouquets she had brought to the church—combinations of forsythia and pussy willows, which made us look very festive.

We had developed a program consisting of music: bass solos by Arwin Schweig, of the church quartet, accompanied by Madeline Jacobsen, of the Mendelssohn Conservatory faculty, and a member of our club, the Professional and Business Woman's Club of the church; I showed kodachrome slides taken last summer at Ox Bow; and Miss Loretta Grellner, of Ox Bow, showed kodachrome slides of great paintings.

The exhibit lasted from 3:30 to 7:00 o'clock; we had the finest attendance we have had at any meeting of the club, and many were the compliments on the success of the undertaking, with suggestions and requests that we have a repeat performance next year.

I neglected to mention that it developed that the husband of one of our amateur exhibitors is in the publicity field, with the result that we had notices in several prominent newspapers and were visited by photographers from the press during the exhibit.

We distributed printed lists of the artists and the titles of their exhibits.

It was with a great feeling of satisfaction that I tumbled into bed that night, after having first gone home with one of our lady exhibitors who became quite ill just before she was ready to leave the exhibit. After getting her safely tucked in bed, Mrs. Eddins who helped me by supplying the transportation and I decided that once a year was probably often enough for an Art Exhibit. However, the success of this our first attempt to have one, was quite sufficient to spur us on to a Second Annual Exhibit along about April of 1960. Will see you then.

Now the real reason for telling this to our readers, a great many of whom know all about it, having been there themselves, is that it proves so thoroughly and completely that when one gets an idea which seems good, the thing to do is to hold fast onto the idea and plant it, like a seed, water and tend it with care, and it will flower for you and give you much joy and satisfaction. You will have the satisfaction of creating something which would have been nothing at all had you not dreamed it up and then worked out the dream. Yours for greater dreaming.

E.W.S.

* * *

Our readers will most certainly be interested in the letter from Dr. Sidney E. Mead, President of The Meadville Theological School, affiliated with the University of Chicago:

Dear Mr. Bradley:

I am writing to commend you for a paragraph on page five of the March,

1959 issue of The Liberalist, in which you point out that too many seminarians are "trained to be sublimated office boys, tyrannized by statistics and organizations, with very little time left for study and contemplation."

I agree wholeheartedly with your sentiment, and appreciate the fact that one in your position states it so forthrightly.

You will recall that in the address I gave in your church about a year ago I stressed the difference between "training" and "education." Meadville tries to stand for both training and education, but in the long run I think that unless our future ministers are educated the outlook is bleak indeed.

Sincerely yours,
Sidney E. Mead.

* * *

Blessed Dr. Bradley:

I won't let the "little moments" keep me any longer from writing to you, for I must tell you that your broadcast over WLS last Sunday from the Peoples Church was a veritable "Hour of Light and Peace and Love." It was one of those very rare "Moments of Glory" and must have been, by sheer necessity, to every one listening to you.

Oh! the magic of the spoken word! —What a powerful and creative medium it becomes, when used by someone like you, who is attuned in heart and soul and mind with the meaning of the words uttered. May I humbly say that the lofty vistas your eloquent words painted for us brought a deep sense of uplift, peace and exaltation to me, and I'm sure to all of those privileged to have heard you. I felt as one with every listening ear—with every quickened heartbeat; what a magnet for good a being becomes when he expresses pure beauty. I was thrilled by the hush and silence of your church group—oh, yes, I, too, know something of that—I taught and lectured on Constructive Thinking for years, and well I know that when an audience forgets to cough and fidget around, and just becomes as one—something is being done for them and to them.

Doctor, I'm certain that you knew my beloved husband, the late Harry M. Pettit. He was an internationally known artist. He was the official artist of "A Century of Progress" and of the New York Fair. I met you as a young bride via the Arendt Van Vlissengens. I studied the dance with Jeanne, and I sang at Arendt's funeral, at which you officiated. The last time I greeted you was in Colorado Springs, Colorado (now my home). You spoke at the Realtors' Convention.

I could go on writing to you, as one does to a very dear friend, for I'm so hungry to talk to someone like you. Maybe some time, some place? In the meantime I shall never be alone when I live through one of those "Moments of Glory," for I shall see it with you and all those who heard you. I'm enclosing The Great Invocation, a prayer which many like myself are mailing all over the Planet—the world needs it. We send it out to help create a sense of peace in these troubled times —no strings attached. Maybe sometimes you would use it in the Silence Period. It would have a wonderful reaction upon the ears and perhaps the minds and hearts of the listeners, when spoken with a voice like yours. Oh, yes. I would like to share the following with you. When your last word came over the air, in a hushed voice, Sarah Teasdale's poem came to mind, and I found myself saying aloud: "Beauty has filled my heart—it can hold no more—It is full—It is full as the lake is full from shore to shore." I'm going

to be in Arlington Heights until next June, and would love to come in to say at least "hello" to a very busy man.

My deepest gratitude and God's richest blessings upon you.

Sincerely,

Margaret Pettit.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I would like to join your church with your Easter class. Since the days when you preached in the old theatre I have listened to you most of the time, either at home or by radio from other places.

In later years it has been our custom to listen at home together, but since the death of my dear husband (Mr. B. O. Jones), I have become a housebound invalid, making my home in Anderson Rest Home at Footville, Wisconsin, just ten miles west of Janesville, Wisconsin (the town where I was born 85 years ago.)

You know of our lives together, our work among Crippled Children, Rotary and many other organizations, helping those in need of our help.

Goodfellow work is another item where B. O. gave much of himself, even unto the end. Thank you for the friendly tribute you and Phil paid him: "Outside of my family and friends, this has been my life," he once said.

Your beautiful tributes at his funeral service will long be remembered by all who heard them.

With kindest personal regards, I am

Sincerely,

Grace B. Jones (Mrs. Byron O.)

* * *

Mrs. Anna E. Nylund, for the past 35 years has been a member of the Peoples Church. She wrote Dr. Bradley that for several years before that, she was a listener and that "through illness, heartache and the loss of my dear husband, Dr. O. C. Nylund, 23 years ago, and my beloved mother, brothers and two sisters, I have been given hope and encouragement listening to your wonderful philosophy. I was a good friend of Grace Bradley and Jimmie, too, a charter member of the Uptown Players and Floral Chairman for more than 10 years, and active in the Woman's Club from 1926 to 1948, when I resigned. I rejoined in February."

Mrs. Nylund enclosed a clipping in her letter which had appeared in the Chicago Daily News and which she thought few members had seen. It appeared in the Blue Streak edition. It told of how in 1895 Mrs. Anne E. Nylund of 6913 N. Ashland Ave., had won a bronze medal awarded to her by the Daily News when she was a fifth grader in the old Ogden School at Chestnut and State Sts. She had come to Chicago from her native Sweden only five years earlier, unable to speak a word of English. But she won the medal for writing in her adopted language the best essay on American patriotism that was produced in her school. Mrs. Nylund had found the medal when cleaning out a desk in her home.

She decided to give the medal away to her grandson in exchange for one he gave her. Philip Robinson, 21, her grandson, of Morristown, N.J., when he was in prep school a few years ago sent her a gold medal he won in track competition. He enclosed a letter which read: "I know you never had a medal, and yet I know you have deserved it. So I'm sending you mine."

He was wrong. She did win a medal years ago, so when she came across it she decided to send it to him "because it would mean so much to him. He is sentimental."

* * *

(*Continued on page 21*)

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

MARCH

1-18—Returned from a pre-Easter vacation.
Worked in Study.
Address. Newcomers Annual Meeting, Community Building, Lombard, Illinois.
19—Worked in Study all day.
20—Address. Teachers of Iowa Educational Assn., Lutheran Church, Mason City, Ia.
Address. State Teachers Convention, Mason City, Ia.
Address. Men's Club, Methodist Church, Mason City, Iowa.
21—Funeral.
Worked in Study.
22—Morning Service, Peoples Church.
Evening Service, Peoples Church.
Vesper Broadcast, WCFL.
Morning service rebroadcast, WSEL
23—Opening Holy Week Service, Erlanger Theatre.
Sick calls.
24—Peoples Church Service, Erlanger Theatre.
Address. Junior Association of Commerce.
Reception by Irish Ambassador, Mr. Hearn, for President Sean O'Kelley, of Ireland.
Meeting of Awards Committee, Friends of Literature.
25—Peoples Church Service, Erlanger Theatre.
Lenten Service, Peoples Church.
26—Peoples Church Service, Erlanger Theatre.
Lenten Service. Peoples Church.
27—Good Friday service. Erlanger Theatre.
Lenten Service, Peoples Church.
29—Four services, Peoples Church: 9 a.m.; 11 a.m.; 5 p.m.; 7 p.m.
Three broadcasts: 11 a.m.; 5:45 p.m. and 9:30 p.m. WLS, WCFL and WSEL.
31—Independent Voters Luncheon. Blackstone Hotel.
Address. Borrowed Time Club, Evanston, Ill.
Address. Educational Forum, Anshe Emet Synagogue.

FUNERALS

21—Mrs. Olive Gassett

CHRISTENINGS

22—Robert Clarence Olsen,
Norma Helena Olsen,
Children of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Olsen.
29—Alan Walter William Serzow,
Son of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Serzow.
Dawn Marie Hellman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hellman.
Robert Carl Busija, Son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Busija.

THE FOLLOWING PEOPLE WERE PUBLICLY WELCOMED INTO THE PEOPLES CHURCH ON EASTER SUNDAY, MARCH 29

Mr. Donald Carlson,
4441 N. Wolcott Ave., Chicago 40
(From Bethany Methodist Church)
Mr. Robert Cichorz,
Mrs. Robert Cichorz,
1018 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago 22
Mrs. Lillie A. Coffman,
4615 N. Campbell Ave., Chicago 25
Mrs. Gladys N. Doty,
8317 S. Calumet Ave., Chicago 19
Mrs. Sonja Duke,
1402 Winnemac Ave., Chicago 40
Mr. Stanley J. Daley,
Mrs. Stanley J. Daley,
931 Eastwood Ave., Chicago 40
(From First M. E. Church, Elsie, Mich.)
Mrs. Sonia Edelstein,
5016 Sheridan Rd., Chicago 40
Mr. Eldridge Grant
1052 Sheridan Rd., Chicago 40
Mr. William Bradley Harrison,
Mrs. William Bradley Harrison,
Oak Park Arms Hotel, Oak Park, Ill.
Mr. J. Viggo Jensen,
Mrs. J. Viggo Jensen,
4631 N. Keating Ave., Chicago 32
Mr. R. W. Johanson,
Mrs. R. W. Johanson,
1841 Highland Ave., Northbrook, Ill.
Mrs. Byron O. Jones,
Anderson Rest Home, Footville, Wis.
Mrs. Edward Kipen
4525 N. Monticello Ave., Chicago 25
Mrs. Patricia Lyday,
3005 Leland Ave., Chicago 25
Mrs. Jean McCarthy,
927 Gunnison Ave., Chicago 40
Miss Charlotte Motter,
2824 N. Cambridge Ave., Chicago 24
Mr. John Edwin Ohman,
3057 N. Osceola Ave., Chicago 35
Mr. William Rebey,
6614 Marshall Ave., Hammond, Ind.
Mr. Marcus Reller,
Mrs. Marcus Reller,
5434 S. Ridgewood Ct., Chicago 15
Miss Ida Thorne,
1029 Bryn Mawr Ave., Chicago 40
(From Epworth Methodist Church)
Mrs. Clara H. Walker,
8045 S. Champlain Ave., Chicago 19
Mrs. J. H. Weinland,
1254 Columbia Ave., Chicago 26
(From Park Ave., Methodist Church, North Terre Haute, Indiana.)
Miss Virginia Weinland,
1254 Columbia Ave., Chicago 26

Miss Elizabeth Whitcombe,
939 Gunnison St., Chicago 40
(From First Congregational Church,
Maywood, Illinois.)
Mr. R. C. Wittenburg,
Mrs. R. C. Wittenburg,
Mr. Charles A. Wittenburg,
Rt. 1, Box 348, Gurnee, Illinois
Mrs. Earl Worthington,
6614 Marshall Ave., Hammond, Ind.

Radio Mail Bag

(*Continued from page* 19)

On a letterhead of the First Methodist Church, of Mason City, Iowa, came this letter from its Minister:

My Dear Dr. Bradley:

In all my ministry I've never known anyone to have made such a mighty, magnificent imprint upon the mind and heart of a community as you did. It's the talk of the town in all age groups.

To have renewed the golden nuggets of a cherished friendship was a deep personal joy. You added immensely to the reach and richness of my ministry here. I hope you will send me an autographed photo for my study.

A blessedly beautiful Easter to you and yours and my eternal thanks for such a superlative job in Mason City.

Affectionately,
George Truman Carl.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

The impact of your visit to Mason City is still reverberating. I want to tell you how much I personally enjoyed listening to you at the Methodist Men's Club and also visiting with you for a few minutes afterwards with Dr. Carl. I am enclosing a picture of our clinic. It will help you perhaps to remember me.

May the good Lord give you many more good years. And if there is ever anything I can do, please permit me the opportunity.

Sincerely,
Ronald O. Masters, D.C.

* * *

Dr. Bradley spoke at the testimonial dinner given to Chief Justice Abraham Lincoln Marovitz, at the Hotel Morrison.

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Thank you for adding your illustrious voice to help last night's program become so distinguished an event in the history of our community.

You have again and again demonstrated your loyalty to Israel and other liberal causes. So may it be, in good health for many years.

Warmest regards.

Sincerely,
William Z. Novick,
Executive Director.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Your radio broadcasts have always been inspirational and comforting. I have listened to you for many Sundays, yet I have never sent a dollar to your church because I have been unthinking about your needs. Your appeals to the "radio audience" got to me finally, so I shall try to do better in the future.

I belong to another church but I seldom attend. My Sundays are days of work for me. I listen to Dr. Sockman and to you on Sundays for my spiritual renewal. You have the power to reach an individual "over the air," uncannily so at times. You can talk your way into the very heart of a person. It is only when the heart is touched that an individual can respond completely, and live a change in purpose.

May God bless you for your untiring efforts, your great heart and understanding of lesser mortals, and may He give you strength to carry on your wonderful gift of inspiration and selfless giving to others.

Sincerely,
Theodora Burch.

* * *

Dear Mrs. Harrison:

The enclosed is just a token. I

would like to send more but cannot do so at presesnt. My daughter has been restored to a healthy condition and will be permanently discharged from the hospital this month. So I have decided to return to Chicago in May and remain until Thanksgiving. I can again come to our beloved church. Of course I go to church here, but the message doesn't reach me and impress me like the words and sincerity of Dr. Bradley.

I have often wanted to tell him how I became a member but have hesitated about taking his time.

In 1938 I lost my dear mother with cancer. I was bitter. I came to church because I had listened to Dr. Bradley on the radio. I live at Buena Park Hotel and there are many Catholics there. One evening, talking in the lobby, different ones said, "I will give up candy for Lent," or "I will stop smoking." One of them addressed me, saying, "Jewel, what will you give up?" I thought a few moments, then replied, "I will give up my lazy Sunday mornings and attend church every Sunday during Lent." So I did. And I was so happy about it that I became a member and Sunday mornings have become a weekly event of enjoyment.

Hope I can sit in my usual place with Mrs. McBean, and shall look forward with eager anticipation to the day when I shall hear Dr. Bradley's voice, and know that his sermon is for me, personally.

Best wishes for a happy Easter.

Jewel Iversen.

* * *

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Sunday evening service (November to Easter) ..... 7:00 p.m.

Junior Church—Parents are invited to accompany their children. ..... 9:30 a.m.

Choir rehearsals every Sunday. New members welcomed ..... 9:30 a.m.

Wednesday evening Book Reviews (January and February) ..... 8:00 p.m.

Uptown Temple Club (single adults) 1st and 3rd Sundays, Anderson Hall. ..... 5:00 p.m.

Woman's Club, Closing Spring Luncheon, Tuesday, May 12th, at the Hotel Sovereign, 6200 N. Kenmore. Guest speaker, Dr. Bradley. Guest artist, Rolf Bjoerling, Swedish Tenor. Reservations, $3.00 ..... 12:30 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club, Closing Spring Dinner, a family church dinner in Anderson Hall. Guests of Honor, Dr. and Mrs. Bradley. Guest speaker, Mrs. June Bradley, who will show Kodachrome slides and talk on "Touring England and Wales in a Morris Oxford Car." May 6 ..... 6:30 p.m.

Men's Club, Friday, May 22nd, Annual Frolics, directed by Frank and Cathryn Bennett—"The Spirit of 'I Will'" with Bennett Singers, an Indian Dance, Mrs. O'Leary's Cow, etc. Buffet Refreshments, $1.25 ..... 8:00 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam.*

Senior Girl Scout Troop No. 97, Tuesdays at 4249 Greenview Ave. ..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Thursday, Bradley Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

Dr. Bradley's Broadcasting Schedule
Every Sunday

WLS—Morning Church Service Broadcast direct from church pulpit ..... 11:00 a.m.

WCFL—Dr. Bradley's Vesper Broadcast ..... 5:45 p.m.

WSEL (FM)—Rebroadcast of Morning Sermon ..... 9:30 p.m.

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MAGIKIST RUG CLEANERS

Mr. G. Koomans, of Griffith, Indiana, in commenting on the assistance which Magikist Services, of Chicago, is lending to the broadcasting of the services of the Peoples Church over station WLS, had this to say in a letter which we published in our January issue:

"Many times I have asked how some stories of crime, filth and sex could find a sponsor or have listeners. I think it is a good sign that at least one company has enough faith in the decency of the American people to sponsor a program dedicated to humanitarian principles and spiritual progress. Yes, I believe it is wonderful."

Magikist Company is carrying two-thirds of the financial burden of the Sunday broadcast over WLS at 11 a.m. every Sunday. Not only do I, as pastor of the Peoples Church, deeply appreciate this courtesy and encouragement to us, but every one of our members is grateful to the Magikist Company. We take this method of publicly expressing appreciation.